

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## A DRAWN GAME.

BY BASIL.

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### CHAPTER III. CHILDHOOD.

CERTAINLY Master Guard was baptised a month late. According to the theory of evolution, we believe we ought to find in the life of man, from its very first beginnings to its maturity, suggestions of the successive stages of his promotion from an ascidian—an abstract and brief chronicle of his rise from the ranks—a kind of table of contents to the volume in which his history is written at large in Nature. This would account for the engaging characteristics of boyhood—the monkey stage, noisy, quarrelsome, imitative, and mischievous. But there are monkeys and monkeys. There is a low class of monkey with characteristics corresponding to those of early childhood—an American monkey, called "the howler," of which Mr. Wallace says: "The most remarkable of the American monkeys are the howlers, whose tremendous roaring exceeds that of the lion or the bull, and is to be heard frequently every morning and evening." Master Guard, as we have seen, passed through this stage, and has now reached that of a more advanced species, with more intelligent powers of annoyance. For, though but eight years of age, he has so fulfilled the precocious promise of his infancy as to be more troublesome than most boys of twelve.

It is only fair to him, however, to say that his powers in this respect were brightened and sharpened by continuous friction, for Mrs. Pybus still lives, and lives with her son. The old lady takes still the keenest interest in the boy, not for his own sake so much as for that of Mrs. John, whom she can mortify daily and deeply by interference with his education. Besides,

this interference is a daily demonstration that she is not as deaf as Mrs. John would make her out. Mrs. John's lessons, therefore, were always supplemented by those given by the old lady. At first the unfortunate child hated these exemplary second lessons as he used to hate the exemplary second toilets of his infancy, but after some time he would go up into the old lady's room with a resignation that seemed suspicious to Mrs. John. Accordingly one day she followed him up, and stood at the door, which was ajar, to hear him read to Mrs. Pybus. At first there was an absolute silence, then a shrill scream of "and," followed by stillness that might be felt, broken at last by a hissing "is," then another interval of progress as inaudible as the exquisite movement and music of the spheres, when again the important word "and" was shouted with all due emphasis, and the only other word thought worthy of mention by the young gentleman in a long and interesting description of the domestic hen, was the suggestive but tantalising disjunctive conjunction "but." Master Guard was only five years of age when he invented this system of reading made easy, which speaks much for his precocity and for his knowledge of the characteristics of Mrs. Pybus, if not of those of the domestic hen.

But in time he came to know something too of the characteristics of the domestic hen. Rev. John Pybus got the little country living of Chirnside, with a house and garden. Mrs. Pybus, who was country born and bred, at once claimed the garden as her own exclusive domain, and at the same time established a settlement of hens in the yard. Now a hen in the garden is as demoralising as was Mrs. Pybus in a schoolroom—it scratches up the good seed sown by others. And one of the

few gratifications Master Guard derived from the presence of Mrs. Pybus in the parsonage, was the pleasure of hunting the hens into the garden just at the lesson-hour, and out of it when it should have been in progress. He had hardly got well under weigh when with the quick eye of youth he would descry the intruders, and shout:

"The hens, Mrs. Pybus; the hens!"

"Dear—dear! Again! Go and hunt them out, child!"

Master Guard was a tactician of the wary school of Napoleon. He must first divide the enemy, and then overwhelm them in detail. He would scatter the hens to the four winds, then run each in separately to the yard. It is true this took time—generally all the time set apart for his lesson—but the boy never regarded or regretted this, if he could do his work thoroughly, and to the satisfaction of Mrs. Pybus. The old lady was rather astonished by the regular recurrence of the incursion at the lesson hour, but she set the coincidence down, not to the craft of Master Guard, but to the craft of her hens, who had come to know the precise hour when the guardian angel of the garden would be engaged elsewhere. This extraordinary instance of animal sagacity so impressed her that she told it almost daily, Master Guard listening demurely, and coming at last to think that he had somehow made an important contribution to natural history. Nor was Mrs. Pybus's faith in the sagacity of her hens—only her hens could have shown such sagacity—shaken by their incursion ceasing as suddenly as it began; for this proved only that the wily birds considered the game not worth the candle—the short stay in the garden not worth the sharp chase out of it. The fact was that Mrs. John, considering that no hen, however sagacious, could enjoy the agony of fright it went through in the chase, began to suspect they were driven to the slaughter, and taxed Master Guard with the deed.

"Archie, you've been driving the hens into the garden."

"Yes, mother," said the boy directly, but holding down his head.

He always called Mrs. John "mother," and worshipped her as such; but the Rev. John he would call only "uncle," and the old lady "Mrs. Pybus."

"You wouldn't have done it if you had thought about it, dear," smoothing back the hair from his flushed face; "it was deceit, Archy."

"Shall I tell her, mother?"

It was the most painful penance he could think of, for he detested Mrs. Pybus; but he would have been glad to do it to appease the self-reproach which his mother's words aroused. Decidedly Mrs. John, to be sternly moral, should have said "Yes," but she didn't. Mrs. Pybus was cruelly severe with the child, whom severity only hardened, and Mrs. John, who lost a good deal of time and temper in getting him out of the old lady's clutches, could not bring herself to send him to certain execution. So she said again, "You didn't think of what you were doing, dear," and drew the boy to her and kissed him. Whereat he wept more than he would have done under Mrs. Pybus's chastisement—and was a good boy ever after?

Not he; he was a good boy for an hour after. For Master Guard had a good deal of his father in him, and lived more than most children from moment to moment. With most children the joy or sorrow of the moment is perfect and rounded, with no looking before and after, intense as the sudden light and dark of a thunderstorm at night. And with Archie, more even than with most children, the present was eternal.

The self-reproach, therefore, which made him now hide his tears against his mother's dress was, indeed, real and poignant, and would prevent his hunting the harassed hens in and out of the garden in future; but it did not prevent him, the next morning, from pounding handfuls of the most harrowing discords on the piano as *The Blue Bells of Scotland* for the benefit of Mrs. Pybus.

"That will do, Archibald," said the old lady, nodding her head with qualified approval, the highest approval she ever vouchsafed him; "you are improving, but you want expression."

At this moment Mrs. John burst into the room.

"I thought the gasalier had fallen on the piano. What was it, Archie?"

"It was *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, mother," turning rather red; but then, seeing irrepressible laughter in her eyes, he added gleefully, "Mrs. Pybus says I'm improved."

"But the piano isn't."

"I'm very sorry, mother; but I wanted to see if I could make her hear anything," nodding towards Mrs. Pybus.

Mrs. Pybus, interpreting this reference to her as a request for a holiday, answered promptly:

"Certainly not; you've not begun your reading yet;" and then severely to Mrs. John: "You might have heard, I think, that he was at his music, Mrs. John."

"Do be a good boy, Archie."

"Archibald—reading!" as Mrs. John left the room.

This peremptory word of command was given more sternly even than usual in consequence of Mrs. John's interruption. Yet Master Guard got his book with less than his usual reluctance, for to-day Mrs. Pybus was not knitting. Generally she knitted during his lessons, and rapped his knuckles so with her long wooden knitting-needles that he had to tangle her wool beforehand—when he could get at it—to keep her innocently employed. But to-day, as for many days past, she was reading a devotional work lent her by a clergyman of her own school—of the strictest sect of the Calvinists—entitled *The Widow's Cruse*.

During her perusal of this oily work Archie was left at perfect peace. Therefore, as we said, he got his book with less than his usual reluctance and watched Mrs. Pybus take up hers with much satisfaction. But when she opened it this satisfaction died suddenly out of his face and gave way to a blank expression of perplexity and despair. His eyes widened, his jaw dropped. In a moment he realised how dreadful and irreparable was the mistake he had made.

How? Well, in this way. For the first few days of Mrs. Pybus's devotional exercise he watched anxiously the blue woollen thread she used as a marker steal all too quickly through its pages, like the hand of a clock gliding towards a fatal hour. Why not put the hand of the clock back?

It was a happy inspiration. Every morning he put the blue thread a few pages back, without the old lady having the least suspicion of the pious fraud practised upon her.

In this way *The Widow's Cruse* might have lasted as long as the original oil, if this very morning Master Guard had not made the mistake which now clouds his cheery face. Just as he had drawn out the marker he was called off to do something for his mother, and on his return, emboldened by long impunity, he put back the thread, near the beginning of the book as he thought, but really near the end, for the volume was upside down. Hence his disgust and dismay. Would she finish it that morning? At her ordinary rate of reading she certainly would not have finished it;

but she was so tired of the interminable work, and so pleased to find herself in sight of land, that she skipped disgracefully and shut the book with a snap long before Master Guard's time was up.

"Fetch my knitting, Archibald."

It was sentence of death. She didn't chasten him for his reading, but for his bearing. His reading she hardly even affected to hear, but either his eyes, hands, arms, feet, or back always needed setting to rights, and were set to rights by many smart strokes of the knitting-needle on the knuckles.

Archie went miserably upon his errand, but on his return, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," he was saved, as the Capitol was saved, by the foolish cackle of fowl.

Mrs. Pybus, being convinced that *Jemima* stole her eggs, gave strict orders that every cackle of the hens (of the churching kind) should be at once reported to her, that she might be beforehand with *Jemima* in the hen-house. Master Guard, when at his lessons, was most zealous in this service with a zeal that was not always according to knowledge, or at least good faith, for sometimes, when in desperation, he would report the barren clamour of the cock, without loss of credit, for, as Mrs. Pybus was much more anxious to suspect *Jemima* than Master Guard, she always set down her disappointment to *Jemima's* having been too quick for her. It was no use for that maligned handmaiden to shout at the top of an angry voice: "It was the cock, mum." The old lady would then pretend to have heard the alarm in dispute herself, and would ask whether "at her age she was likely to mistake a crow for a cackle?"

Master Guard—his credit having been made absolutely secure by this endorsement—could enjoy the battle with a disengaged mind, and as he detested *Jemima* only less than Mrs. Pybus, he did enjoy gleefully the tug of war between Greek and Greek.

It will be seen that the young gentleman had inherited his father's fertility of resource, and it might be thought that he was a sly youth naturally, yet he wasn't, but the reverse rather. As, however, Mrs. Pybus had been his relentless enemy ever since he could remember anything, and as all power was on her side, he was driven into a recourse to the craft which is the resource of all weak and hunted creatures. If you treat a child as a slave you will teach him a slave's vices, for fear is the



mother of meanness. Happily for Archie Mrs. John went on the opposite tack with him, and so counteracted the ill-effects of Mrs. Pybus's severity. Indeed, as he enjoyed the humour of his own tricks immensely, he would recount them sometimes to Mrs. John, who did not take as grave a view of most of them as of the affair of "the still vexed" hens, where the joke was rather too deep and long sustained, and was besides unconfessed.

Having escaped from Mrs. Pybus, Archie shot off to Tom Chown.

Tom was retained to clean the knives and boots, run errands, set an example in church to the other choir-boys, and to give the balance of his time to Mrs. Pybus's garden. This balance, however, Archie embezzled to the old lady's daily exasperation, exacerbated by Tom's bearing in the dock. Tom, indeed, when summoned by Mrs. Pybus for judgment, meant his bearing to be abject, and his defence (inculcating Archie) to be complete. But Archie took care to be present in court on these dread occasions, and to make Tom laugh by saying or singing some outrageous nonsense at the critical moment. When the wretched Tom had drawn a long breath, and made up his mouth to shout his explanation, Archie would sing out "A-men" with a really happy imitation of the model chorister, and Tom, who had no command over the muscles of his moon-face, would burst out into a laugh, whose supposed insolence drove Mrs. Pybus wild. It was useless, however, for her to complain to the Rev. John of Tom's iniquities, for to upset his faith in Tom (who had been baptised at birth by total immersion), would be to upset his hope of the millennium, and worse still, to upset the corner-stone of his great discovery. Thus Archie appropriated Tom with impunity. In an incredibly short time he had reduced the sucking saint to slavery, and had made him his hewer of wood and drawer of water in the grand enterprise of the moment, for Archie had always some grand enterprise on hand. It was Tom who bought for him the gunpowder for his patent cannon, and who, indeed, did him yeoman's service in forging that formidable piece of ordnance. Archie, it is true, designed it, but Tom did the most at its manufacture. It was made out of the nozzle of the bellows, blocked at the wider end with some lead, chopped with the help of a hammer and a carving-knife off one of the weights of the kitchen-clock, and melted in an electro-

plated dessertspoon. You see there was nothing, howsoever seemingly useless, that Archie's ingenuity couldn't find a use for. Even the castors of the study armchair could, he discovered, be turned to some use by filing off their brass settings and mounting his cannon upon them. When, however, his cannon was made so perfect that he was able to blow off his eyebrows with it, an unfortunate stop was put by Mrs. John to his inventions in this direction, and the docile Tom had to be set on other service.

The business in hand to-day was the completion of an ark to contain animals, clean and unclean—mostly the latter.

Archie had a variety of pets, which he was forced to hide away from Mrs. Pybus, who had a creepy horror of such vermin, and these pets, therefore, he kept in the false roof, which was inaccessible from within the house.

The house was a Gothic structure, with a very high pitched roof, which left room for attics if they were wanted. As they were not wanted, there was no staircase thereto, and no floor, only the naked joists with four planks upon them for the use of plumbers, etc. On these four planks, as on a raft, Archie had embarked his treasures—three lop-eared rabbits, two guinea-pigs, six white mice, four white rats, and a hedgehog.

How did he get them there? The place seemed accessible only from the outside, and there only by a ladder, and there was no ladder of that length within the youth's reach or his power to raise. But there was a great haystack at the back of the house, whose top was on a level with one of the windows of the false roof and within four feet of it, and there was a short ladder, which Archie hauled up, with Tom's help, to the top of the stack, and used as a drawbridge to span the chasm. Once across, they drew the ladder after them and breathed freely. They guarded against the only remaining chance of detection—that of being heard—by shifting the four planks, with great labour, till they rested over Mrs. Pybus's bedroom, with an absolute trust in her deafness.

To-day, Tom, under Archie's directions, put the finishing touch to the ark—formed out of an old wine-case—which was to contain, in separate compartments, all his pets, except the hedgehog. When it was at last completed, and the animals were being transferred to their new home, one of the rats, escaping during transhipment,



ran along between the joists, and was pursued so excitedly by Tom that, in scrambling after it, he leant his knee upon the lath and plaster, went through up to his thigh, and, by a convulsive effort to recover himself, made a frightful gash in the ceiling.

Mrs. Pybus, who was contemplating with much complacency a black silk dress spread out upon her bed, had her attention gently called to Tom's leg—swinging like the sword of Damocles above her head—by a brief, but brisk shower of lath and plaster, mingled with a white rat and a hedgehog—for Tom, in his frantic struggles, had swept the hedgehog off the plank with his elbow.

Before she could recover breath enough to scream, Tom's leg was withdrawn, amid another blinding shower of dust and plaster, followed by a perfect downpour of mice, rats, rabbits, and guinea-pigs. The fact was, Archie, in his struggles to extricate Tom, had knocked the ark over, and precipitated its lively contents into the chasm.

Mrs. Pybus stood amid the downpour, the picture of Horace's *Pyrrha* at the deluge—"Pyrrha nova monstra questæ." Having with some difficulty clambered from a chair on to the dressing-table, she uttered scream upon scream, partly to terrify and keep at bay the multitudinous monsters, and partly to summon help.

Soon the whole household were picking their steps in her room and listening to her tale. It was not credible. She was so far from identifying the saint's leg that she described it as vast and vicious-looking, an unmistakable limb of Satan—i.e., of a burglar—and insisted on having Tom sent at once for the police.

But why should a burglar carry a hedgehog in his pocket, or even a guinea-pig?

The Rev. John, as he listened to her tale and looked from one to the other of the strange beasts, was puzzled.

Mrs. John was not puzzled as to the criminal. She knew at once that Archie was at the bottom of the business, but she was puzzled as to how even he had got into the false roof. However, she kept a discreet silence, in the faint hope that she might yet be able to screen the culprit.

While Jemima went to look for Tom to send him for the police, Mrs. John hurried off to find Archie. Both youths were together, and busy—indeed, engrossed—

with what Bacon calls "the most innocent of human pleasures," gardening.

Mrs. John called Archie aside. If she had had any doubt before, she could have none at all now on beholding the rapt industry of the boy.

"Archie, how did you get up there?"

"By the haystack, mother."

"By the haystack!"

Mrs. John went round to the back of the house, followed by the crestfallen Archie.

"But how did you get across?" looking up with a breathless horror at the chasm, which seemed all the higher from its narrowness.

"We put the garden-ladder across, mother."

Archie, to his dying day, never forgot the effect of this confession on Mrs. John. Instead of scolding him soundly, as he expected, she caught him in her arms, pressing him close, and kissing him again and again, as if he had just escaped some horrible danger.

And, indeed, this was the idea of the little woman, whose vivid imagination pictured Archie a shapeless mass on the flags where they stood.

"You must never go up there again," she gasped with a kind of sob.

"No, mother," said Archie, putting his arms round her neck and kissing her penitently.

"And you must go at once and tell your uncle," said Mrs. John, recovering herself, "or they'll send for the police."

Archie's confession, which could not be kept from Mrs. Pybus, had a far-reaching effect of which poor Mrs. John never dreamed.

The old lady, indeed, said nothing, and, better still, sulked, and would not hear him his lessons; but Archie rejoiced prematurely, as we shall see, over this happy issue of his iniquities.

## CHRONICLES OF ENGLISH COUNTIES.

### LINCOLNSHIRE. PART I.

OVER the flats and fens, a landmark for miles and miles around, rise the cathedral towers of Lincoln. Whether catching the first touch of rosy light out of the gloom of dawn; or towering over the grey mists that roll in from the marshes; or gleaming white in the sunshine against the storm-clouds that are brooding seawards; or glorified in the last glow of sunset from the

western sky—in any way or in any mood these towers seem to exercise an all-pervading influence on the scene. And this influence is recognised with a rude grasp of its power, in the popular saying, that the Evil One sits on Lincoln towers and looks over the world below. But there was a time when only beneficent influences were ascribed to Lincoln towers; when the swineherd from the forest, and the shepherd from the wold, and the fennman from his marshy home, hurried to the shrine of Our Lady at Lincoln as the most august and venerable of earthly sanctuaries; and when a visit to its riches and wonders was among the brightest episodes in a life of labour and sorrow.

It is not till you reach the city of Lincoln itself that you lose the sense of the pervading presence of its cathedral, and certainly the first aspect of the city is a disenchantment. On the level ground about the cathedral heights a modern town has sprung up, a busy, thriving, brewing, malting town, with the reek of brewers' grains in the air; with horsey men, always ready for a deal or for a bet, thronging its principal inns; with a railway-crossing intersecting its main street, where there is always going on a vigorous shunting of cattle-trucks and pig-waggons.

But pass through the fair and mount the hill, you seem to leave the age behind you, and a different zone of existence marks each stage of the ascent. Here you find ancient houses, relics of the fourteenth century, the still earlier western porch of the cathedral, and Roman arches of a date even more remote. There is no disenchantment in a nearer view of the grandest of our English cathedrals. All seems perfect in its kind: the stern solid masonry of the Norman builders, the aerial vaulting, the riches of transept and choir, with all the charm of contrast and of colour; the work of many hands, of many ages, blended and joined with wondrous skill, and fused by time into a grand harmonious whole. Here in the porch we have the wide-jointed masonry of Remigius, whom William the Conqueror brought over from the abbey of Fécamp to show his new subjects how churches should be built. And Remigius had as his model, it is said, the cathedral of Rouen, not as we see it now with all the florid detail of the French school, but as it first rose square and massive among the green islands of the Seine. This first cathedral of Lincoln, built by its first bishop, for Remigius had

recently removed the episcopal seat from Dorchester in Oxfordshire, seems to have been seriously damaged by a great fire some thirty years after its erection—a fortunate circumstance for succeeding ages, as the building that rose upon its ruins was constructed in the palmy days of Gothic inspiration, when the skill of masons and artificers had outgrown the massive forms of the Romanesque, and taken flight heavenwards in soaring clusters of columns and fairy-like vaulting. Some of the best work in the cathedral, the choir, purest and best perhaps of cathedral choirs, and a great part of the noble transept, are attributed to Bishop Hugh, the amiable saint—for he was canonised in later days—whose attribute is the swan, as according to tradition he was constantly followed by swans, who left the sedge-bordered stream to feed out of his generous hands. From the time of Bishop Hugh the builders of the minster seemed to have worked backwards to the original porch of Remigius, which was incorporated into the new buildings. And when the great outline was complete, successive accretions of chapels and choirs continued to represent every stage in the progress and decline of ecclesiastical architecture.

Of Bishop Hugh and his swans something more may be said. It was Bishop Hugh who violated the grave of Fair Rosamond, whose remains had been laid before the high altar of the church attached to the nunnery of Godstow, of which she had in her life been a benefactress. Perhaps the fair penitent was hardly a good example for a convent of sacred nuns, but Christian charity would surely have let her bones remain in peace. Possibly, however, the good bishop compounded for charity to living sinners, by severity to those whom harshness could no longer harm.

The swans anyhow are historical; the beautiful swans of the Witham that may have flirted sometimes with the wild swans that came over the seas from the northern fiords to winter in the fens. Many of them were royal birds, and had the king's swanherd to look after them. The swanherd kept a book recording the swanmarks of the various proprietors, and swans unmarked, or with unregistered marks, were escheated to the crown. "All flying swans," so the laws of the river decreed, "to be seized for the king."

The river Witham was noted, as well as for its swans, for its pike, the fame of which

gave rise to asaying, "Witham pike, nothing like," or, as Drayton has it in *Polyolbion* :

Yet for my dainty pikes I am without compare.

But the Witham has declined a good deal from its former importance, not only in the way of fish and fowl, but also as a tidal river, which once brought to the gates of Lincoln the carracks and galleys of old times, while now

By the margin willow veiled  
Glide the heavy barges trailed,  
By slow horses.

Perhaps, indeed, Lincoln may be the original Camelot, and Arthur and his table round may have as likely established themselves at Lincoln as at any other of the places that lay claim to the honour. Anyhow the city can boast a remote antiquity, and possibly has enjoyed a continuous municipal life from the time when it was a Roman colony. Even its name has varied but little, and *Lindum colonia* may well have been shortened into Lincoln. And for all the time that elapsed—not more than two centuries—between the departure of the Roman garrison and the appearance of the city in written records, there is no evidence of any complete devastation or lying waste. Not so very long afterwards, in the seventh century, we get a glimpse of Lincoln with a governor of its own—suggesting independent civic life—a governor who was converted to Christianity by Paulinus, the Roman missionary bishop. And Paulinus built a church in Lincoln, the walls of which were still standing when Baeda wrote his history. From that time we get only occasional glimpses of Lincoln as practically a Danish settlement, till it comes to light for a moment in the formal record of Domesday. But even that formal record shows the city as one of the chief, if not the chiefest, of English towns. If there were a thousand "mansiones" at the time of the survey, that would imply at least three times the number of separate dwellings and a population almost as great as at present, say some twenty thousand souls; an estimate which is partly confirmed by the number of burgesses recorded—nine hundred and fifty—a privileged class; while women, children, servants, artificers, and churls formed the larger part of the population.

Thickly then must the houses have clustered within the ancient walls—the Roman walls patched and strengthened according to the exigencies of succeeding ages; narrow lanes and streets rising

steeply to the summit of the hill, where as yet minster and castle had no existence. So thickly indeed were clustered the houses that William the Conqueror swept many hundreds of them away in building his strong castle on the hill—with its massive keep, that was half within and half without the general line of defence, a keep with its frowning battlements threatening the city, and its sly little postern-gate towards the country; whence, at the worst extremity, the lord of the castle might take to flight. This peculiar construction of the keep gave rise to sundry historical episodes, as when the Empress Maud made her escape by night from the castle which was beleaguered by Stephen, the rival claimant of the crown, who then held the town, which was devoted to his interests. Soon after the empty shell of the castle was surrendered to the king, it was again wrested from him by the two powerful nobles of the Angevin faction, Ralph, Earl of Chester, and William de Romara, who claimed the Earldom of Lincoln, through his mother, a Saxon princess, descended from the famed Godiva. The men of Lincoln, however, were untouched by memories of Godiva. She had not lightened their taxation presumably, and they called upon their friend the king to drive out the intruders. The king hastened from London by forced marches, and forthwith invested the castle, while the rebel earls, as it seemed, lay fairly within his grasp. But Ralph, of Chester, favoured by the convenient arrangement of the keep, got away into the open country, and made his way to the west. Here he collected his own retainers and enlisted also a contingent of wild Welshmen from the hills, and with these he started back across the Midlands, a difficult and painful journey even in these railway times, with many breaks and junctions on the way. But Ralph had a favourable experience, his only junction, a fortunate one, being with his father-in-law, with more forces. And so the men from the west fell upon the eastern men, and put them to flight, and took prisoner Stephen the king. And there was an end of Stephen, you would think; but no, the aspect of affairs changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Ralph, of Chester, changed sides; Stephen was released, and made a triumphant entry into Lincoln.

A chronicler relates that on this occasion Stephen entered the city in his royal robes and with the royal circlet about his brow, and that, curiously enough, the men of



Lincoln, instead of feeling flattered at all this pageantry, took decided umbrage at it. Some Roman thought had struck them, perhaps some notions of civic independence that might have survived from the proud days of Roman citizenship. Anyhow this was not an isolated manifestation, for it is recorded that Stephen's successor, Henry Plantagenet, proposed to repeat the ceremony of his coronation before the citizens of Lincoln, but that these entreated him to forego his purpose. They had noticed, such was their excuse, that dire misfortune had always attended the exhibition of royal emblems in their city. The king, it is said, respected the prejudices of the citizens, and was crowned in due form at Wickford, a hamlet outside the city walls. Possibly, in this civic independence of the Lincoln men, we may have the ancestry of that stout republican sentiment that showed itself in the county at a later date, whence, perhaps, came the Mayflower emigration, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and the foundations of a mighty republic on the other side of the Atlantic.

Once more the royal castle of Lincoln brought the citizens into trouble, when, in King John's reign, the rebel barons in alliance with Louis of France, took possession of the city, and laid siege to the royal citadel. It was in marching to relieve his garrison that John made the unfortunate plunge into the fens, in which he lost treasure and baggage, and contracted the illness that hurried him to the grave. But the royal castle was not taken after all, for the Earl of Pembroke, raising a large army in the south in the name of the infant king, attacked the rebel barons to such good purpose that they were driven in rout from the city, where the royal soldiers found such stores of rich stuffs, and merchandise of all kinds, that they called the battle Lewes Fair. Perhaps they were Sussex men who perpetrated this joke, and they may have intended a pun on the name of the French prince and of their local capital among the South Downs.

Probably the citizens of Lincoln suffered a good deal in all this merry plundering. The Jews, anyhow, pretty certainly supplied a fair quota of the rich stuffs and merchandise. For the Jews of Lincoln were among the richest and most unpopular of their nation in England. These Jews were originally from Rouen, and came over to England in the Conqueror's train. They had a synagogue at Lincoln, and practised their rites openly and with-

out fear, protected by the governor of the king's castle, to whom only they were answerable, as they were exempt from the jurisdiction of the local bailiff or reeve. But with the accession of the Plantagenet kings, the Jews ceased to enjoy the royal favour. The Flemings, who were largely encouraged by the new line of monarchs, took the place of the Jews as financiers and farmers of the public revenues, and the Jews were delivered over to popular resentment. According to vulgar prejudice the Jews had long been in the habit of practising secret and unholy rites, and presently, on the disappearance of a Christian child, the Jews were accused of having put him to death in horrible travesty and mockery of the Crucifixion. Many Jews fell victims to this popular persecution, and then followed proscription by the royal officers on the more credible charge of sweating and clipping the king's coin. On this charge was executed a noble Jewess, Belessel de Wallingford, whose reputed dwelling-house is still pointed out by popular tradition, and known as the Jew's House, one of the few specimens of domestic architecture of the thirteenth century still left to us. A general edict of expulsion put the finishing touch to these persecutions, and the Jews left Lincoln in a body, never to return except as straggling isolated visitors.

The Flemings were no more popular than the Jews with the men of Lincoln; and the archers of Lincolnshire, who formed the backbone of the royal armies in the wars against the Scots, were engaged in perpetual broils with the king's Flemish auxiliaries; and we read of six thousand Lincoln archers forming a confederacy to revenge the death of certain of their comrades slain in a broil with the Hainaulters, during one of Edward the Third's campaigns against the Scots. Perhaps it was in view of having a vigorous viceroy over the Lincolnshire men, that the same Edward bestowed the castle of Lincoln upon his favourite son, John of Gaunt, who from this time resided mostly in Lincolnshire. John had hitherto done well in the way of marriage. His first wife, Blanche of Lancaster, had brought him the earldom of Lancaster, afterwards made by his father into a duchy palatine. A second wife, Constantia, brought him a titular right to the kingdom of Castille, which he prudently resigned for a handsome yearly income. But these were marriages of convenience, and the duke's

affections had long been centred on a Lincolnshire woman—though of Flemish extraction—Catherine, the widow of Sir Hugh Swyneford, and daughter of Sir Payne Roelt, a native of Hainault and Guienne king of arms. Catherine's pedigree inspires interest, as the poet Geoffrey Chaucer married her sister, and thus eventually became connected in ties of kinship with his great friend and patron, John of Gaunt. John and Catherine were married at Lincoln soon after the death of Constantia of Castille, and their numerous existing children were soon after legitimised by Act of Parliament. As the Beauforts they subsequently made their mark in history, and often proved thorns in the sides of their more legitimate kinsmen, as, for instance, Cardinal Beaufort, whose quarrels with the good Duke Humphrey of popular affection are embalmed in Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth. Catherine, and her daughter Joan, lie buried in the minster. And here and there fragments of the ducal palace, in which she spent the later years of her life, are still to be traced among the buildings that occupy its site.

Perhaps this period, when John of Gaunt held a kind of regal court at Lincoln, was the culminating point in the relative importance of the city. As a port it was still in brisk communication with the Low Countries, and it was now a staple town for wool, leather, lead, and other leading commodities. Richard the Second, visiting his uncle Gaunt, bestowed a state sword on the mayor and his successors, a gift that might have been held to carry with it the title of Lord Mayor. And with the accession of the House of Lancaster to the throne, Lincoln might feel assured of the sunshine of royal favour. Lincoln bowmen, no doubt, did good service at Agincourt, but with the Wars of the Roses the civic greatness of Lincoln came to an end. In these wars Lincoln played but a doubtful part. There might exist some hereditary attachment to the House of Lancaster, but as long as the Earl of Warwick adhered to the white rose, his influence in the district was too powerful to be withstood. When the king-maker began to change sides, and to muster his forces for a contest with Edward the Fourth, a contingent of Lincoln men marched to join him. But this force was intercepted at Stamford by the active king, who had not long before made his escape from Middleham. In this case the king's name proved a tower of strength, for the

Lincoln men hardly knew for which king they were fighting, Warwick not having yet openly declared for Henry the Sixth, and they dispersed in such haste as to throw away their buff jerkins and coats of mail as impediments to flight, whence this battle of Stamford is known in local annals as "Lose-coat Field."

But the citizens of Lincoln welcomed warmly enough the descendant of John of Gaunt and Catherine Swyneford, when, as Henry the Seventh, he came to receive their allegiance after Bosworth Field. Henry the Eighth, too, paid a flying visit to Lincoln when wooing Catherine Howard for his fifth wife. But before this a great change had come over ecclesiastical Lincoln; the ancient rule had been abolished, and the new liturgy was now sung daily in the minster, while the gorgeous shrine of Our Lady, the object of pilgrimage from heath, and wold, and fen, had long been desecrated and destroyed. The citizens of Lincoln, imbued with the new doctrines, had taken the matter quietly enough, but not so the country folk, who rose in arms, with sundry zealous priests in command, to restore the ancient rites. Chief among the leaders of the insurrection was Captain Cobler, the name assumed by Dr. Macarel, prior of Barlings, and the vicar of Louth was his lieutenant. Both of these fell into the hands of the king's officers, and were hanged at Tyburn; but the bulk of the rebels returned to their homes unmolested, and eventually received the king's pardon; and from this time we hear little of the old faith in Lincolnshire. The landed gentry, indeed, and the trading classes, became deeply imbued with the Calvinistic faith, and Lincolnshire eventually came to be a chief stronghold of the Independents.

But although in the civil wars Lincoln itself held to the Parliament, a strong body of Royalists took possession of the castle, and held it till it was taken by escalade by the Parliamentary army under the Earl of Manchester. On this occasion it is said by local tradition that Cromwell, who was in command of the cavalry, stabled the horses in the minster nave, and, indeed, all the destruction that time and neglect have caused in sculpture or monument is ascribed to the much abused Oliver and his Ironsides.

From the breezy height of Lincoln towers, where the enemy of mankind is supposed to have his favoured seat, a vast expanse of country is visible—the hills and dales of the land of heath and wold to the north, which form the ancient

province of Lindsey, the great plain that stretches out towards Newark, with the tufted banks of the Trent, and in the blue distance the faraway hills of Derbyshire. Yes, there are hills and dales in Lincolnshire, although the general belief of strangers is to the contrary—hills all the more thought of that the country about is so level. It is as if the great plain had been raised by a gentle breeze from the eastward into a succession of swells, rising gradually and almost imperceptibly, and then dipping suddenly in a well-defined ridge towards the west. The ridge nearest the sea is dominated by Louth, with its handsome spire; the towns of Horncastle and Caistor are at either end of the second; while the river Welland finds its way through a gap in the third, with Lincoln Castle and the grand old minster crowning the brow. And this hilly part of Lincolnshire is in reality an island, and thus has earned its name of Lindsey. For the rivers Trent and Witham are united by the ancient cutting known as the Fosse-dyke, and indeed in times of heavy flood the two rivers have even in recent days often united their waters, thus forming a broad strait from the Wash to the Humber, and making a very distinct and unmistakable island of Lindsey. And this suggests the fact that there are no strong physical reasons, apart from artificial banks, why the Trent should not take a shorter cut along the bed of Witham to the sea, a fact that seems to have struck the attention of Hotspur, or, at all events, of Shakespeare.

See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land,  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

And the gallant Hotspur might not have been wildly bragging when he continued:

I'll have the channel in this place damm'd up,  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
In a new channel fair and evenly.

But indeed, in coveting the fat and fertile plains of Lincolnshire, the Percys were only repeating the policy of the old Saxon kings of Northumbria, whose power they might be said to have represented. For Lincolnshire had been always debatable land during the existence of the rival kingdoms of Northumbria and Mercia, and went to one or the other as Fortune inclined her balance.

But to follow the ancient Fosse-dyke above alluded to, a quiet gloomy water, neither flowing nor stagnant, where great pike lurk under the green banks; passing

sometimes a secluded little hamlet or an inn that seems to be the last house in the world.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,  
Little breezes dusk and shiver,

and a strong eerie feeling comes over the traveller by this solemn, silent stream. And indeed the Fosse-dyke gives a strange impression of hoar antiquity that accords well with its real history. Who cut the dyke, to begin with, nobody knows. Antiquarians ascribe it to the Romans, as part of a plan of internal navigation for transporting corn from the fertile plains of East Anglia to the military stations in barren Northumbria. Torksey, an ancient municipal town, now decayed to a mere village, standing at the junction between the Fosse-dyke and the Trent, is supposed with some reason to have been one of the great Roman *depôts* of grain, while the castle—once a magnificent mediæval residence, now a ruin, with a fine front of brick and four stone turrets—stands on foundations of a Roman building supposed to be a granary. In Domesday, Torksey is noticed as having had two hundred and thirteen burgesses in the time of King Edward the Confessor, but at the date of the survey only one hundred and two, while many “mansiones” were lying waste, conveying a story of slaughter and rapine to be read between the exquisitely written lines of the stolid Norman scribes. But the tenure on which the municipal privileges were held, still jealously guarded by the remaining burgesses, was declared to be, that when the king's ambassadors came that way the men of Torksey should convey them in their own barges down the Trent to the Humber, and then up the Ouse to York.

Following the track of the king's ambassadors down the Trent, we come to Gainsborough, where the river assumes a sea-going character, the tide bringing ships of moderate burden to the port. Sometimes in the spring the tide comes up the channel in a distinct wave or bore that is locally called the Eager or Hyger, a name given to it originally by the Scandinavian sea-rovers, who were, no doubt, familiar with a similar phenomenon on the Severn, and on a much grander scale on the Seine. It is said that the incident of Canute and his courtiers, when the monarch commanded the waves to stand still—an incident worn threadbare in youthful lesson-books—took place on the banks of the Trent when the hyger was coming



foaming up the river. But apart from these associations there is nothing very interesting about Gainsborough unless it be its old hall, ascribed to John of Gaunt, a tall building framed in ancient and almost indestructible oak. At Gainsborough is the last bridge over the Trent, and from this point along the flats of the Isle of Axholme the ferryman becomes a person of importance. And Axholme, once a waste of fens and marshes, is now a well-cultivated tract.

The reclamation of Axholme and Hatfield Chase was one of the first great works of the kind attempted in England, at all events since the Romans left the land, and was undertaken in the reign of Charles the First, in the year 1626; that is, when Cornelius Vermuyden contracted to drain Axholme, Dikesmarsh, and Hatfield Chase. The contractor's remuneration was fixed at one-third of the reclaimed lands, another third went to the crown, while the remaining third was allowed to the commoners and others having an interest in the lands. Here we have the Flemings again, for Vermuyden called to his aid adventurers from the Low Countries, who provided money and labour, and took repayment from Vermuyden's share of the lands. Some two hundred Flemish families settled among the fens, and they built a chapel at Sandtoft, near the Yorkshire border, where service was performed alternately in Dutch and French. But the whole scheme was bitterly opposed by the original settlers in the land, and the Flemish adventurers were harassed and persecuted in every possible way.

When civil war broke out between king and parliament, the lot of the new settlers was still worse than before. The Parliamentary Committee sitting at Lincoln hearing a rumour that the royal forces in Yorkshire meditated an attack, opened the sluices and drowned the newly reclaimed country, and if they drowned a few of the king's tenants in the process it was not a matter of much consequence in those troubled times. In 1645 there was a general rising against the adventurers, when Lilburne, a Parliamentary leader, and Nodell, a lawless attorney, led the people to the foreign chapel at Sandtoft, dispersed the congregation, and, it seems, destroyed the chapel. The rights of the adventurers, however, prevailed in the law-courts, whether of king or commonwealth; but in the struggle, which lasted till 1719, the means and the patience of the adven-

turers became gradually exhausted. One by one the Flemish families disappeared from the land, and very few Flemish names are now to be traced in the district.

Crossing the Trent from Axholme, and gaining a firm footing again in Lindsey, we come to a woldy district about Humbermouth—a sort of amphibious district where one brother will go to the sea and another to the plough, and where the ferryman becomes a kind of ship-captain or pilot, navigating his craft through shallows and sand-banks, and among the ships that come up with the tide to busy Hull. On land we have big farms and wide corn-fields, where the steam-plough, at work on the long furrows, sometimes whistles a greeting to the steamship as she fares forth to the wide sea; and the skipper of the fields on his stout cob may wave a farewell to his brother skipper of the ocean perched aloft on the windy platform, where he looks into the eye of the coming storm.

And farther along the coast we come to Grimsby, the town that Gryme built, according to the story—Gryme not being the grim person his name would imply, but rather a man of a kindly nature, if tradition may be credited, which tells how a poor fisherman picked up a small babe abandoned on the shore and reared it as his own till it was claimed as a king's son. Whereupon Gryme was rewarded with the hand of a young princess with riches galore, and built a town of his own by Humber shore. But Grimsby has far outgrown this kind of nursery-tale and is now a flourishing seaport with fast steamers collecting the fruits of the sunny Rhineland and of fertile Normandy—Grimsby being the great emporium of the north-country for fruit and vegetables, while it has taken to supplying all the land with fish, being also the great centre of the North Sea fisheries. In all this, by the way, we have an instance of the revival of old marts and trade-routes for which the century is becoming remarkable. For long ago, when Hull was a mere village, and before even Ravenspurn—that lost city on the opposite coast of Yorkshire—had come into existence, Grimsby was the great emporium for merchants from Norway, Scotland, Orkney, and the Western Islands; and coins found in the neighbourhood in great quantities—Roman, Saxon, Flemish, Lombardic—testify to its ancient commercial activity.

Grimsby, indeed, furnished eleven ships

and one hundred and seventy mariners to Edward the Third at the siege of Calais, when Liverpool could only furnish one vessel, with a handful of sailors. And then came a period of decadence and decay, and Grimsby, like Ravenspur, was deserted by its merchants, who flocked to the rising port of Hull. But time has its revenges, and Grimsby may soon look down upon Hull, perhaps, as slow and old-fashioned.

## ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;  
The embers burn low on the hearth;  
And stilled is the stir of the household,  
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;  
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,  
The winds past the lattices moan;  
The midnight chimes out from the minster,  
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;  
I am tired with care and with fret;  
I would nestle in silence beside you,  
And all but your presence forget,  
In the hush of the happiness given  
To those, who through trusting have grown  
To the fulness of love in contentment.  
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,  
My voice echoes back on my heart.  
I stretch my arms to you in longing,  
And lo! they fall empty, apart.  
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,  
The words that we only have known,  
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,  
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling,  
With its yearning my very heart aches;  
The load that divides us weighs harder;  
I shrink from the jar that it makes.  
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;  
Old doubts make my spirit their own.  
Oh, come through the darkness, and save me,  
For I am alone.

## A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

## A STORY IN ELEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

THE guests at the Pension Sommerrock were seated at their luncheon, or "second breakfast." It was an hour when social converse or cheerfulness usually prevailed, but the clatter of knives and forks had it all their own way this morning. A few whispered words between neighbours formed the only attempt at conversation, and even these were soon suspended. Everybody appeared more or less uneasy, not to say alarmed. Constant furtive glances were directed towards the first chair on the right-hand side of the table, in which was seated a gentleman who was evidently in a high state of irritation.

His thin face, sharply-cut features, keen penetrating eyes, spare athletic frame, and well-cut clothes, proclaimed that he was no German.

The anxious scandalised glances which

the elder ladies directed towards him through their lorgnettes no less loudly proclaimed him to be an English or American wild beast, from whom anything might be expected.

Clatter, clatter! The plates were being collected.

Chink, chink! The knives and forks, which had been snatched from them by their respective owners, with a view to further service, were being put down on the cloth.

A maid entered, panting audibly under the weight of a large dish. The hostess summoned her to her side, and with a wave of the hand directed her to offer the dish to the irritated gentleman.

"English beef-tok," murmured Frau Sommerrock in a timorous and propitiatory voice.

"It is the principle of the thing that I object to, madame," cried the foreigner in good German, but with little relevancy to the subject in hand.

"Tea for Herr Trevelyan, Lenchen," said Frau Sommerrock in nervous haste.

The cup of the irritated one was seized and carried off by the waitress, who saw breakers ahead as clearly as her mistress.

"Why, if a change was to be made, was I not consulted on the subject? It would appear to me that my consent was the first necessity in the matter. I came in wet through an hour ago; went to my room to change my coat; and found the whole place turned inside out—not a trace of my fixings about. In reply to my enquiries, one of your maids led me to a small dark den at the back of the house, which she informed me was all you could place at my disposal for an indefinite period. Another private sitting-room, it seems, is out of the question. I suppose I have been singularly fortunate to have had the privilege of occupying one for so long. What is done is done, but I must, nevertheless, strongly protest against the principle of the thing, Frau Sommerrock."

These words, though meant only for the person addressed, reached the ears of all in the immediate neighbourhood of the speaker, those ears being for the most part preternaturally sharpened by curiosity. Some of them understood the speech, and, though sharp, considered it justifiable under the circumstances. Others—to whom it was Greek, being English—cried under their breaths that it was insolent, and cast fiery glances of contempt and anger at the undaunted American.

"So-o, Lenchen! No, no; the gnädiger herr takes no sugar and very little cream. I am very sorry, sir, that the change is so unpleasant to you—very sorry. I assure you, we put it off to the very last moment, in the hope of being able to consult you about it, but you remained out much longer than usual, and we were so pressed for time that I was compelled to act in your absence. But all that can be done shall be done. Your wishes shall be met as far as possible in every way. Oh, you shall have no cause to complain that you are uncomfortable at the Pension Sommerrock. I will visit your room after breakfast, and will see that all is arranged to your mind. I know the English and American requirements very perfectly. I should not have thought of making the change under ordinary circumstances, Herr Trevelyan, but a lady in whose family I lived many years in my younger days telegraphed that she and her daughter would arrive in the course of to-day. There was no time to send word that the house was full, and I could not do less than offer the best chamber to her excellency Gräfin Rolandseck."

"I should think not, Frau Sommerrock," cried a German lady at some little distance.

"There was clearly nothing else to be done when a Gräfin Rolandseck was in the question," said a gentleman, whom till this moment Trevelyan had regarded as a friend.

From the awe with which Frau Sommerrock had pronounced the distinguished name, and the general manifestation of interest it called forth, it was evident that the expected arrivals were people of importance.

"Enough, madame; I have not another word to say," said the American with a bow that a German could not have made more deferential—only his would probably have been serious, while this was satirical. "I will trouble you for a little more gravy. Thank you."

To Frau Sommerrock there was something very threatening in the sudden and excessive suavity of her best boarder. She ventured a side-glance at him. Yes, there certainly was a singular look of determination about his face, and he was visibly mortified, in spite of the spasmodic smiles with which he returned the little civilities of his neighbours.

"I see what it is," thought she; "he means to leave. My best boarder! After staying here six months he will remove to

The Golden Eagle, where they will receive him with open arms because he leaves me, and the thing will become the talk of the whole village. It will very likely be my ruin. It is all very well just now in the height of summer, when people are obliged to come to me because there are no beds to be had elsewhere for love or money; but these things tell upon one in the slack season, when I have as hard a fight of it as anybody. Oh dear me!"

The bare thought so overpowered the poor woman that, with an excuse and general bow, she left the room.

Her departure—not an unusual thing in the middle of a meal—was such a relief to the American that he began to enjoy the meal for which he had hitherto felt no appetite.

A minute had scarcely elapsed ere a stout, fair girl, with a good-natured, smiling face and the easiest possible manners, took Frau Sommerrock's seat. She also took her plate as it stood, with an explanatory remark to her neighbour, Mr. Trevelyan, in English.

"Behold, I complete the breakfast of my mamma."

A short "Oh" was the only rejoinder of which George E. Trevelyan was capable at that moment.

"They say me, Herr Trevelyan, that you are very cross at the changement which we must make. I believe them not, you are too kind, too gallant there for."

"Cross?" echoed Trevelyan with supreme disdain—he was boiling with rage at the very moment.

"Very, or so it seems me."

Mr. Trevelyan took no notice of this remark, contenting himself with inwardly execrating the fräulein's vile English. The next moment he rose to open the door for a lady, and took the opportunity of letting himself out behind her.

Fräulein Sommerrock reddened with vexation. She felt the eyes of all the ladies upon her, with more or less contempt in their expression. The truth was, the young fräulein had been laying a harmless siege to the heart of the good-looking American for some months past, and, as that gentleman had not shown himself disinclined to enter upon a mild flirtation, she already entertained the brightest hopes of the future, having gone so far as to shed sentimental tears in secret over the great distance she was about to place between herself and her Fatherland.

Mr. Trevelyan's conduct on the present



occasion, however, was not suggestive of proposing emigration at any early date, and the girl's heart sank accordingly.

Why had she ever been simple enough to give her heart to one of those terrible foreigners? she asked herself wildly. Had she not been warned from a child that the English and Americans were cold, heartless creatures, possessed of neither manners nor sentiment, dead alike to the charms of love and music? But Herr Trevelyan had behaved in an exceptionally treacherous manner, even for his nation. He had won her heart by exercising every art and fascination that man could employ, and, not satisfied with conveying a very clear notion of the state of his feelings to herself, he had made it evident to every person in the house that he loved her, and now he meant to throw her off as coolly as if she were a mere chance acquaintance of yesterday! The *fräulein* had, undoubtedly, an unusually lively imagination.

#### CHAPTER II.

FRAU SOMMERROCK, who could not have spared a moment to indulge her emotion in idleness had a serious calamity overtaken her, was in her little sitting-room counting over house-linen, previous to arranging it with scrupulous neatness in a cupboard. She was pondering over her morning's vexation the while.

A short, quick knock at the door startled her so that she dropped one of her best table-cloths, thereby crumpling it at one corner, to her deep chagrin.

"Herein," cried she in a voice that would fain have sounded imperious, but which became tremulous at the second syllable. She knew too well that that sharp rap was the American's. What must be the state of the feelings that had prompted him to hunt her down here, after having already said so much on the unpleasant subject of the change at the luncheon-table?

In response to her "come in," Mr. Trevelyan appeared on the threshold. Apparently he did not care to come farther, as he leant against the frame of the door, and said, in a smooth voice that was marked by a slight drawl, which, however, was more suggestive of laziness than of New York:

"Your maids need not trouble themselves further about cleaning that den on my account, madame; if they will be good enough to let the dust settle enough for my man to be able to find his way to my trunks, it is all I care about. Perhaps you will tell them so as they don't mind

my orders; and if it would not inconvenience you to jot down the sum total of one week's boarding and lodging for myself and servant, while I wait, I will settle my account at once, before leaving for the Eagle, where I remain for the rest of my stay here."

"It is only Monday, mein herr, and you have already settled the last week's account. You are always so prompt and considerate in such matters; if others were like you my life would be an easier one. It will be a sad blow to me to lose you, but if you are quite determined to go I will make out your little bill at once. It will be for one day and a half; you have only taken the second breakfast this morning. The amount will be——"

"Yankees don't do business like that, Frau Sommerrock; we are a good deal too sharp for it. If I leave without notice I am bound to pay a week's board. My time is precious, if I am to find a bed in this village for to-night, and so is yours. After all, there is no need for an account, I know the terms well enough by this time. That is exactly it. Good-morning!"

He was about to hurry away, but Frau Sommerrock made it impossible by holding out her hand.

She was deeply affected by Mr. Trevelyan's having paid for a full week.

"Excuse me, mein herr, but you must not go till I have wished you good-bye, and thanked you heartily for your patronage so far. There is not a soul in the house that has not enjoyed your society, and that will not miss you. I hope we have made you tolerably comfortable on the whole until the unfortunate misunderstanding of this morning. I suppose you are really bent on going, sir? I could promise you your old rooms at the end of a week if that would persuade you to stay. Gräfin Rolandseck and her daughter would be the first to make any arrangement, rather than be the cause of my losing such a boarder. If you would only consent to put up with the little bedroom for two or three nights——"

"Thank you, madame, no. I have been quite comfortable in your house so far, but I don't seem to care about the little trick I have been served. Very likely it is my own fault; I fancy I have been here a thought too long. Good-morning."

"Oh, sir, you cannot mean that! And then the disgrace of your having to leave my boarding-house for the Eagle! I cannot get over it. It will be a heavy blow to the

reputation of my pension. You have given so many proofs of a kind heart since you have been with us that I am emboldened to plead for a little indulgence on your part now. Consider, Herr Trevelyan, I am a widow, my calling is a precarious one at the best, and in the slack season——"

"My good Frau Sommerrock, you flatter me greatly, I assure you. In a case like the present my head acts quite independently of my heart, and I make a point of never changing my mind, although I have been so long in Europe. You may have observed this. I am prepared to admit that I lost my temper at luncheon this morning. I regret having done so, and I cannot be surprised if the fact has given you a mean opinion of my understanding. The storm has blown over, however, and I wish you good-bye in a friendly spirit. Remember me to your daughter, if you please."

He drew the door to behind him, took his hat from the stand near, and strolled down the hilly high-road in the direction of the Eagle.

When he came to the cross-roads that disclosed a fine panorama of Swiss mountains, he paused a while, as he always did, watching the wonderful effects of colour and sunshine until he was almost blinded.

"A sublime view!" he said aloud.

He strolled on more leisurely than before, for the beauty of the scene left a feeling of profound calm upon him.

"Good-morning, mein herr," cried, with Swiss freedom and good-nature, the coachman whom he employed when he drove anywhere.

"Good-morning," returned Trevelyan cordially; and he looked at the carriage with some little curiosity as to its occupants, for everybody knew everybody else in the little place.

There seemed to be only one person inside, but, as it was waiting in front of the chemist's, it was probable that someone was in the shop. He slackened his pace purposely as he passed the carriage—a closed one—but he was only rewarded by catching a little glimpse of a brown-holland ulster, till, at the last moment, a lady bent forward and looked out of the open window at the range of mountains that he had just been enjoying.

The face was a striking one. It was very fair, with finely-formed features. The mouth looked proud, the eyes were still and dreamy.

Seeing that the girl had not observed

him, Mr. Trevelyan allowed himself to linger a moment for the pleasure of looking at her. He never cared to hurry past anything beautiful.

She gazed at the mountains for some minutes, during which he had time to note what a pretty profile she had; then she turned her eyes to the right, where they fell upon the picturesque, straggling village, the wooded mountain-side, and the blue lake at its feet. There was an air of restfulness and peace over the landscape to which the girl must have been keenly alive, for her face suddenly melted curiously. The dreamy eyes lighted up with a delight and comprehension that were eloquent of her feelings; a strange expression, which Trevelyan could not quite understand, but which touched him somehow, crept about her mouth.

Trevelyan enjoyed the picture for a few moments more. Then someone came out of the chemist's; the girl turned her head, took some parcels from a lady who entered the carriage, and they drove off.

Mr. Trevelyan looked after it in silence. He remained in the same attitude, looking in the same direction, long after it had disappeared.

The sunrise of expression on the girl's face had left a distinct reflection on his own. He had an odd and ridiculous sensation of a magic change having come over himself and the whole scene. There was a very strange feeling at his heart, half delight, half misgiving. He was not an impressionable man by nature, though he possessed a keen sense of the beautiful, yet a single moment had done what many years and greater charms had failed to effect.

George Trevelyan had fallen in love.

"If that woman is not married, she shall be my wife!" he said to himself deliberately, with the sublime belief in his own powers which belongs to a true-born American.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. TREVELYAN turned straight into the chemist's.

"Good-morning. I want a couple of boxes of that tooth-powder I bought last week; you know the kind."

The man, who could not have remembered if the purchase had been made half an hour ago, made no remark, but produced the whole of his little stock in that line.

"By the way, who is that English lady who left the shop just as I came in? She

is a stranger, I see. Do you know if she proposes to make anything of a stay among us?"

"That was no English lady, mein herr."

"American, then, I am sure."

"Also not; she is a German. I know nothing about her except that she is a Gräfin Rolandseck, and is going to stay at the Pension Sommerrock. She called here on her way from the station to order aerated waters to be sent daily."

The American started as if he had been stung.

"Countess Rolandseck!" he echoed blankly.

He did not go straight on to the Eagle, dangerous as was delay in securing rooms in the village at the present season. He walked down to the lake, and along its banks for some miles, revolving the situation in his mind, and trying to decide on the best line of action.

Two things only became perfectly clear to him—that he must make the acquaintance of the young Countess Rolandseck at all hazards, and that he had cut himself off from the possibility of doing so.

He had left the Pension Sommerrock in a spirit of almost ostentatious determination. The tears and entreaties of a widow had failed to affect him in the least; the uncertainty of his being able to find rest for the sole of his foot elsewhere had had no weight with him. He had been annoyed, and was determined to be revenged at any price.

How could he have guessed that the price would turn out so much beyond his calculations, that he would come to curse his precipitation?

The two things Mr. Trevelyan most disliked were to have to change his mind, and to have to ask a favour; yet if he wished to give himself a chance of securing what he fondly imagined would prove his life's happiness, he must do both.

No, he would be hanged first! What was the girl to him that he should humiliate himself for her sake before she knew that he even existed? He had merely taken a morning walk, and come across a pretty picture in the course of it—had happened to catch sight of a face fit for the scene he loved. Was he, a middle-aged man (he was thirty-five), to make a fool of himself on the strength of such a trifling occurrence? He rather thought not.

Nevertheless, the same middle-aged man feeling a strong inclination to promote

reflection by the aid of an havannah, after carefully cutting off the end, and with a lighted lucifer between his fingers, flung away both rather than risk having a suspicion of tobacco about him at dinner-time.

He looked at his watch. Four-thirty. He measured the distance to the village with his eye. A good hour's walk if he went back the way he had come, three-quarters if he made a circle, and did not mind passing the Pension Sommerrock. H'm, he would almost do that.

He mended his pace considerably, as he began to reflect that he had really left himself very little time to make arrangements for board and lodging of any kind.

The white walls and green balconies of Frau Sommerrock's house came in sight after some sharp walking.

Trevelyan halted for a moment, and regarded that residence somewhat shyly. He looked to the right and left, wondering if there were no side-path by which he could avoid going directly past the house. There was none. He did not know whether he was glad or sorry for it.

Someone came out of the open door as he stood there—a lady, but not *the* lady.

He suddenly took a resolution, and, walking quickly and firmly, went straight to the open door, and through it into the house.

He tapped at the door of Frau Sommerrock's sanctum. It was a spirited self-possessed kind of rap, but lacked some of its usual imperativeness all the same.

"Du liebe Zeit!" exclaimed a voice he knew well, and Frau Sommerrock stood before him, her hand held out, her face beaming with pleasure.

"They had no spare room at the Eagle, mein herr? Thank Heaven!"

Mr. Trevelyan laughed.

"I have not enquired, madame. I came to the conclusion that I would rather put up even with that den you offered me than make a change, always supposing that you do not object to receive me now."

"Object? I hail your return as an answer to prayer. I thought I was right in counting so much on your good-nature, Herr Trevelyan; I thought you could never find it in your heart to punish me so severely, although I had not behaved as I could have wished to you. Boarding-house-keepers occupy a very trying and difficult post, and they often have to——"

"Not another word, I beg, Frau Sommerrock, I feel considerably ashamed of myself already. You will scarcely believe that I



never gave you a thought in the matter. The considerations that drove me back were entirely selfish ones. There is the difference between us men and you ladies. I came back because I knew that I should be more comfortable in that little back bedroom of yours than in the best room at the Eagle, or anywhere else."

"Thank you—thank you, sir," and the simple woman blushed with as gratified and self-conscious an air as if she had been a girl of seventeen, and her beauty the subject of praise.

"And, by the way, Frau Sommerrock——" Mr. Trevelyan had to pause owing to a slight fit of coughing which raised grave apprehensions in the motherly soul of his hostess, as she attributed the unusual occurrence to the fact of his having been unable to change his damp coat in the morning, owing to the change in her domestic arrangements—it proved the first and last sign of his being the worse for his adventure, however. "By the way, I beg that you will not put your new guests to any inconvenience on my account. I am in no hurry to return to my old room, in fact when I once get settled in the little one at the back I sha'n't care about disturbing myself again, that is, not so long as the two ladies remain. If strangers came, why of course——"

"Do not give yourself the least anxiety on the subject, sir. The young countess shall learn the whole circumstances this very night, and I know she and her mother will not keep you one moment longer out of your room than is necessary to allow of their making arrangements to go elsewhere."

"You must do nothing of the kind, madame. I desire that you will not say a word to them about my having given up my rooms," put in Trevelyan with some heat.

"Ach, my dear Herr Trevelyan, you do me injustice there! You evidently do not understand how dear your interests are to me, and how jealously I shall guard them. Only the fact of my being under great obligations to these ladies made me wish to accommodate them for a day or two, even at the risk of inconveniencing you, but I do not forget that you have been my best boarder ever since the beginning of the spring, and your interests shall be considered the first of any. Your old rooms will be at your disposal before the end of the week."

"You are very kind, madame, but I earnestly beg you to do nothing of the

kind," said the American with the calmness of despair. "I am rather eccentric, you must know, and I have conceived a strange dislike to that room since there has been all this fuss made about it. I should certainly have the nightmare if I had to sleep in it again. I assure you I prefer the den. Of course you are at liberty to turn out your friends whenever you like, but I will not return to my old quarters. Be guided by me in the matter, and let things take their course, then nobody will be inconvenienced."

"If you insist upon it, Herr Trevelyan, I must do so, but really I cannot understand. It is the most singular suggestion, and quite unnecessary. I could so easily make other arrangements in a few days."

"American 'spleen,' as you Germans call it—nothing else. You know we are all slightly touched here;" and he tapped his forehead with a smile.

### A SCHOOL BILL.

HOWEVER careful Paterfamilias may be, however rigid and consistent in his determination to pay cash for everything and to get the benefit of all the discounts that may be going about, there is one account he cannot fail to run, if he has his children educated away from home—the school-bill.

Except the doctor's little account—it is not necessary to consider the solicitor's document, which is, in its very nature, a burden to the flesh—none of the bills which vex the souls of fathers is so bad as this. And even the doctor's "attendance and medicine for the half-year, so much" is not so bad as the school-bill. If the smaller ailments which have necessitated certain visits of the doctor, and certain subsequent calls of the boy with the basket, have been forgotten, and the total at the foot of the account looms all too large before the eye of the paymaster, it is borne in mind that Tommy was got through the measles, that the little ones had the whooping-cough, that the parental rheumatism had to be attended to, and that, in short, something was done. Some value was got for the money which has to be paid, something obvious, and something, so to speak, tangible.

But the school-bill. How is that to be gauged, and what satisfactory result does it represent? So much of it, no doubt, means food and lodging, and, if the

children come home healthy and hearty, may be held to be money well spent. So much more may be set down as paying for that vague and rough-and-ready but useful training which children insensibly get from association with other children, and may also be considered complacently. So much more may even be looked upon as a reasonable premium for insuring the family furniture and ornaments from the playful assaults of restless youth. But how is the average middle-class father to know whether he is really getting value for that part of his cheque which represents absolute tuition, or how is he to prevent gloomy misgivings on that part of the subject from occasionally possessing his soul? He cannot examine the children himself. His own recollections of classics and mathematics are too dim and faded for that, and he probably left school before half the subjects, which are considered necessary in modern education, became fashionable. He must take things for granted. He must trust to the reports which are sent him every term, delusions as he well knows them to be, and hope for the best. He can do no more than pay for what he believes to be a good article, and trust to the boys and girls themselves to make the best use they can of what is given them.

If these doubts and fears disturb the pensive householder when he counts the cost and the possible results of the schooling of his own children, with what sort of feelings is he likely to approach the consideration of the question of the education of other people's children—a consideration which is brought to his mind at terribly regular and all-too-frequent intervals by the collector of the parish rates?

If he knows little about the progress of the education of his own children, he knows absolutely nothing about that of these others.

Unless he be in a station in life into which the attendance-officer of the School Board penetrates, he hears nothing of the Board, except when an election takes place, when the battle generally appears to him to be fought on issues which have really no practical bearing on the matter in hand; or when some party row in the council-chamber leads to the washing of a good deal of dirty linen in public; or when, as aforesaid, he is called upon to contribute his share towards the payment for a work which, so far as he knows, may be done well or ill, effectually or perfunctorily, but as to which little bits

of information which crop up now and then in the newspapers by no means reassure him.

If he complains that in some districts schools are built with accommodation far in excess of what is required, he is reminded that the number of children for whom places are wanted increases year by year, and that the School Board net sweeps in all but a few irreclaimable little outcasts—although he cannot see why the outcasts should escape at all, and wonders extremely when he reads in a police report of a street-orderly, aged fourteen, in the employ of the Corporation of the City of London, who is, notwithstanding the School Board, and all its inspectors and visitors, unable to read or write.

If he wants to know if the attendance of the children, who are neither outcasts nor street-orderlies, is regular and steady, the system of payment by results is flourished in his face, and row upon row of tabular statements of certified attendances is paraded before him—although, a few days afterwards, perhaps, the School Board has to confess that some of their teachers have for an unknown number of years been systematically falsifying their returns, and fraudulently giving prizes and rewards for regular attendance, with a view to increasing their own incomes.

If he complains of the expenditure of the Board as being out of all proportion to the work that is done, he is assured that no money in England is better administered than the income of the School Board, and that it is only that proverbial "ignorant impatience of taxation," which is the original sin of the ratepayer, which prompts him to grudge an expenditure in appearance, perhaps, large, but, in fact, reasonable and moderate almost to a fault.

Let us assume that our Paterfamilias, at about this stage of the argument, thinks that he would like to form for himself some sort of idea of the moderation and judiciousness which govern the expenses of the Board. He does not know much about the constitution of the School Board; is possibly ignorant of the very names of the representatives of his own parish. He does remember to have heard that at the last election at least two-thirds of the constituency did not take enough interest in the affair to make them record their votes; and remembers also that, even if he had felt inclined to vote, there really seemed but little to choose between the eight or ten highly respectable nobodies who

solicited his suffrages. He does not hope to solve the mysterious set of puzzles which is afforded by the system on which the incomes of the teachers are calculated—a system which lends itself, or, at all events, has lent itself as we have seen, to fraudulent practices—but accounts and balance-sheets he does understand. All he has to do is to get the financial statement of the Board, to analyse the figures for himself, and to discover at least what becomes of the enormous sum of money which is produced by the sevenpence in the pound which the ratepayers contribute.

As the estimated expenditure for the year ending Lady Day, 1884, was eight hundred and one thousand two hundred and ten pounds and eight shillings—there is a delusive air of certainty and finality about those eight shillings—it will be seen that the subject is well worth looking into.

Unlike most other publications of a similar nature, the "Account of the Income, Expenditure, and Liabilities" of the School Board for London is not difficult to procure. It can be purchased from the printers of the Board at the modest charge of a shilling, and has the additional advantage of being presented in a fairly simple and intelligible form. But it is in some respects a startling document.

How many of the people who complain of the cost of the Board Schools, and listen with eager credulity to the plausible candidates who promise that, if they are elected, an era of economy and retrenchment will at once set in, have any idea that the School Board owes about five millions for monies borrowed from the Public Works Loan Commissioners and from the Metropolitan Board of Works, for liabilities on purchases of land, and for other liabilities upon contracts for building and altering schools? A proportion of these loans has to be paid off year by year, whatever system of economy may be introduced, and the process of borrowing is almost as sure to go on as that of repayment, seeing that all the five millions have been spent with the exception of some seventy-five thousand pounds. It is true that Mr. Buxton, the chairman of the Board, is sanguine that in five years all the necessary accommodation will have been provided, and that there will then be school-places for six hundred and fifty thousand children. But, as scarcely any estimate of the work or expenses of the Board has ever turned out to be even approximately correct, we may be forgiven

if we look a good deal farther than five years ahead for the pleasing consummation which Mr. Buxton holds out to us.

It is certain that unfortunate ratepayers cannot hope for much reduction in the expenditure, while the number of attendance is being brought up to the large number mentioned by Mr. Buxton. As the number of schools and of children grows, so must the number of teachers, the amount expended in stores, and the general maintenance account increase likewise. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the Board's comparative statement of expenditure for the last ten years to prove so very simple a sum in arithmetic as this, but an examination of that account suggests some rather remarkable questions nevertheless.

That twenty thousand children should cost exactly twice as much as half the number may be granted; but why each individual of the twenty thousand should cost more than each one of the ten thousand is certainly a little surprising. But such is undoubtedly the fact.

Let us, for purposes of comparison, take the two half-years ending respectively the 24th of March of the present year, and the 25th of March, 1882.

From the figures which are given by the Board for these periods it appears that, under almost every important head of expenditure, the cost per child is heavier now than it was a year ago. Thus, to begin with, salaries of teachers show an average increase of fifteen pence per child—which, however, may not really be as great as it looks, as the children's attendances may have earned more than in the period taken for comparison. Then "Books, Apparatus, and Stationery" have cost three-pence a head more, or an increase of sixteen per cent., and this it is impossible to understand, for why the cost for "books, apparatus, and stationery," for the children already in the schools, should increase because they are joined by other children, is one of those things to which no explanation seems possible. The only head of expenditure which shows any material decrease is that of "Repairs to Buildings," but even here the figures suggest matter for much consideration. All the buildings of the School Board are new, all have been built with an eye to the best of all economy, the economy which pays a good price for a good article, and in none of them ought there to have been any work likely to call for much renewal or repairing. Yet very nearly fourteen thousand pounds had to be spent in repairs in

the half-year ending last March, as against nearly seventeen thousand pounds in the corresponding half-year of 1882, while the September half of the latter year only figures for some seven thousand pounds under this head. Why should the cost of repairs to these comparatively speaking new buildings in one half-year be double that of the repairs in the previous one? But repairs appear always to have been a favourite item of expenditure with the Board, for, when it was quite an infant institution of only two years old, it managed to spend in a half-year, under this head, five thousand pounds.

It is not necessary to go elaborately through all the details of the School Bill for London, as it is quite impossible to form a judgment as to whether the best value is got for the money which is spent in miscellaneous items, and it would only be tedious to set forth rows upon rows of figures which, to the general reader, could not possibly convey any but a very hazy meaning. But one fact, and one most important fact, is writ large in the accounts, and it is one which should never be forgotten in criticising the "policy" and the work of the London School Board.

The expenses of the Board are rising continually, not only because of the increase in the number of the children to be educated, but because of something in the system of management which makes every child more expensive every year. In most cases where large numbers have to be dealt with, it is found that, in certain items of expenditure, increase of numbers naturally brings about a decrease of expenditure per head, seeing that what is enough in management and office charges for one is generally enough for two. With the School Board for London it is different. Expenses go up relatively as well as absolutely. The cost per child in the March, 1883, half-year, was elevenpence more than in the March, 1882, half-year, and sixteenpence more than in the September, 1882, half-year, and that is the salient point on which the ratepayers would do well to insist upon some explanation from their representatives on the School Board.

Unfortunately the active interest taken in the proceedings of the Board is small, notwithstanding that Mr. Buxton, in snubbing the vestries who had ventured to remonstrate on the receipt of the Board's annually growing precepts, declared that "a very wide popular interest is taken in

our triennial election, and a large number of ratepayers record their votes." The number of voters is as a matter of fact dangerously small, and it is not possible to agree with Mr. Buxton that "the constitution of the School Board is thus a far more reliable index to the 'popular wishes' than that of the vestries, who are themselves chosen by a comparatively small number of electors for purposes having no bearing on educational questions."

Mr. Buxton and the supporters of what is, rather grandiloquently, called the "policy of the Board" would do well to remember that the financial, as well as the educational, side of the question is of vital importance to the already overburdened ratepayer, and that the increase in the cost of the schools cannot continue indefinitely. On the other hand, the ratepayers should reflect that the remedy for the excessive expenditure of which they complain is in their own hands, and that, if they find the School Bill too large, the way to change the system is to change the men and women who work it, and who seem powerless to effect any useful reform themselves.

## JENIFER.

BY ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. FENDER-CUDLIP).

### CHAPTER XXIII. EFFIE IS OUTSPOKEN.

JENIFER's parting with her lover this night was characteristic of their engagement, and what would be likely to ensue from it.

"I may come to-morrow?" he asked as he tucked her wraps round her in the brougham.

"Certainly, but not too early; call about five, then my mother will have had several hours to think about it."

"You won't let anything she may think influence you now—now that you've promised?" he asked anxiously.

"Indeed I shall. Why, you must know that I shall. You understood that when I promised."

"You'll let her see that your heart is in it? You won't conceal your feelings and allow her to think that you're indifferent?"

Even as he said this in tones in which were mingled entreaty and command, he felt pretty sure that Jenifer's heart was not very much in it; and that if indifference was portrayed it would not be altogether feigned. Nevertheless he was unshaken in his desire and resolve to have her for his wife. His admiration for her



had risen to the height of the best love he had it in him to bestow on anyone, and additionally he had a strong instinct that she would do her duty as unswervingly by him, when she came to owe him duty, as she had always done by her mother. Perhaps also he thought complacently of the fortunes other women had sung themselves into, and saw no reason to doubt Jenifer's capability of doing likewise.

Old Ann admitted her as she had previously done her mistress, and imposing silence by laying her finger on her lips, led Jenifer softly into her mistress's sitting-room.

"Was anything said about my missus at the party when she came away ill to-night, Miss Ray? Was her name mentioned for the play-acting man to hear it?"

"The American actor? Yes; I heard him ask her name and address, and say he should call to enquire for her to-morrow. Free and easy of him, I thought; but Americans are that, and everyone makes such a hero of this one just now."

Ann groaned.

"I may as well tell you, Miss Ray—you'll know it all to-morrow; he's no more an American than he is anything else he ever says he is. There's his picture hanging in that dark corner there; he's poor missus's bad scamp of a husband, who married her, when she was little more than a child, for her fortune, and left her to do for herself the best she could when he had spent it all. He's a brute, that's what he is," Ann added vigorously; "and there's many a man who breaks his wife's head open with a poker that isn't more cruel to her in reality than Mr. Hatton was to her. While he thought it hurt her to stay away from her, he stayed away; and now, if he thinks 'twill hurt to come back, he'll come back. Talk of tigers! they're full of loving-kindness and tender mercy compared to Mr. Hatton."

"Perhaps now that he's rich again—for he's made a great deal of money, and will make much more here in England, they say—he'll be kinder to her," Jenifer suggested consolingly. And then she asked, thinking of her own love-affair: "Was she ever very fond of him?"

"Worshipped him when they married, ay! that she did, and he played on that, and nearly broke her heart by making her jealous; then, when she got a little bit hardened, and used to pretend she didn't mind being neglected and set aside, he used to pretend to think that she had friends

and amusements she oughtn't to have; he used to scold her with such bitter words for the leastest little thing, till she grew so frightened of him, that she shook at the sound of his voice, and that made her grow deceitful. I've heard the men-servants say that never a dinner passed when they were alone without his finding such fault with her that she'd leave the table in tears. And when all the money was gone, he railed at her for her extravagance, and made everyone believe that 'twas she had ruined him, not he her."

"What a picture of a married life!" Jenifer said sadly, as she drew her cloak round her, and went on to her mother's room, to tell the story of her engagement should her mother be awake.

"One comfort is, all men are not like Mr. Hatton, but there's a many of them that are. You're best off as you are, Miss Ray;" with which reassuring words Ann went on her way.

Mrs. Ray was asleep. The communication had to be deferred till the morning perforce, and after hearing the sketch of Mrs. Hatton's matrimonial experiences, Jenifer was really in no hurry to make it. Then she remembered that Effie was coming to-morrow with her selfish appeal for assistance, and she told herself that it was well her mother should have a man on whom she could fall back upon and rely, now that her sons had ceased to consider and care for her.

She was strengthened in this consideration the following morning by a brief note from Jack.

"MY DEAR JENNY,—Hubert is pressing me hard for the rent, and I've been spending so much in farm-buildings, etc., and generally improving the place, that I'm not prepared with it. Thurtle has lent me some money; if my mother will let me have fifty pounds it will square me for the present. Do ask her for me, Jenny dear. I know I don't deserve it at her hands, but I can't forget she's my mother, and I know she doesn't forget I'm her son. I suppose you'll soon be coming out and making a great fortune. My wife unites with me in best love.—Your affectionate brother,  
"JACK."

Jenifer knew well that so far from her mother having it in her power to lend the fifty pounds, she had little more than fifty shillings in the house at present, and the fund would not increase till her jointure was paid at quarter-day. She was sorry for Jack, still her anger rose against him

for his thoughtlessness. "He must have wasted money indeed," she thought, remembering the three thousand pounds which had been left to him under her father's will; "he hasn't the temptations that Hubert has to be extravagant, since he has chosen to cast his lines in lowly places. Hubert at least has the excuse of being tempted to do and to live as other men of his class live. Jack's marriage cuts him out of all that."

Then she took herself to task for want of generosity towards her younger brother. But still she was angry with him, and urged herself on to feel something like exultation in the thought that her mother would soon have a guard and stay, a prop, adviser, philosopher, and friend, in the person of Captain Edgecumb.

"Perhaps Mrs. Hatton thought the same thing when she was Miss Somebody, and Mr. Hatton proposed to her; and it ended in his maddening her with jealousy, and then scolding her till she shook at the sound of his voice. I don't think I could be jealous, and I'm certain I shall never shake." Thus she communed with herself while she was dressing. Then arranging her mental pile of intelligence as well as she could, she betook herself to her mother's room. Mrs. Ray was up and dressed, was anxious to get breakfast over, and was altogether so much on the alert, that Jenifer began to think Captain Edgecumb had broken faith, and began his wooing of her mother's consent before the break of day. Mrs. Ray's words reassured her.

"I've had a telegram from Effie, saying she and Mrs. Jervoise will be here to lunch at half-past one. I got up directly I received it, and sent to consult Mrs. Hatton about luncheon, not liking to disturb you, dear, after your party; and I hear from Ann that Mrs. Hatton is ill, and that you can tell me all about it."

Jenifer told her mother all she knew, or rather all she could remember under pressure of her own great news. When she had wound up Mrs. Hatton's affairs, she broached her own.

"Captain Edgecumb was there last night, and he and I had a long talk, chiefly about you."

"About me, Jenny?"

"About you; he's very, very fond of you, and understands that it would be his first duty to try and make you happy, and—well, it came to this, that I've promised to ask you to agree to it."

"Is Captain Edgecumb mad, or are you?"

"I'm sane enough, dear mother, but I think he's rather silly."

"More than silly. Mad—quite mad to think of an old woman like me," Mrs. Ray said indignantly.

"If he didn't think of you before everyone else in the world I wouldn't think of marrying him," Jenifer said, and Mrs. Ray calmed down under the dawning of the idea that it was her daughter and not herself whom Captain Edgecumb aspired to marry.

Still she felt that she had spoken under the influence of a ridiculous mistake, and the knowledge that she had done so pre-disposed her to be lenient to any reasonable views Captain Edgecumb might be entertaining. Accordingly, when Jenifer began to pave the way for her lover's petition to be laid before her mother, Mrs. Ray assisted in the paving with the utmost graciousness.

"I think he is a good man, and will make you a good husband; he is desirable in every way. Jenifer, my own dear girl, I've never been a match-making mother; it's been too much the joy of my life to keep you to myself; but I'll give you up to him hopefully."

"You'll do nothing of the sort; it's not a question of his being a 'desirable husband.' I've no notion what one would be if I got the article; but it is a question of his being a desirable son for you. If he isn't that he's nothing."

Then Mrs. Ray affected to chide her daughter for uttering such un-younge-womanly sentiments. But the chiding did not come from the heart, and Jenifer knew it.

By-and-by Mrs. Hatton came, avowedly in order to consult Mrs. Ray as to the luncheon which the latter wanted to have prepared for Mrs. Hubert Ray and Mrs. Jervoise. The clever little housewife had very soon taken the trouble of catering for them out of Mrs. Ray's hands. And it seemed to them that she fed them on luxuries at the cost of bread-and-cheese. They would have been better able to solve the problem of how she did it had they known of the weekly hampers which came from Mr. Boldero under the seal of secrecy.

It was evident to them both that Mrs. Hatton had sustained a shock with no affectation in it. She looked a lesser woman altogether than she had hitherto done, and there was expression of appeal, almost of supplication, in her eyes and voice as she said:

"The luncheon shall be all right. I've really come to ask if you are comfortable enough here to stay on under altered, and perhaps, less pleasant conditions. You have heard, I know, from poor old Ann, that I am expecting—dreading my husband's return."

Then when they told her they knew it, and sympathised with and pitied her, she cast all reserve aside, and told them as much of the story of her outraged life as her agitation would allow her to recall.

"Free yourself from the brute!" Jenifer said impetuously. "I can't imagine anyone tamely waiting to be taken into bondage when freedom's to be had."

"He has been too cautious both in his conduct and his cruelty for me to get a divorce," Mrs. Hatton sighed. "He never struck me a bodily blow, he never let me find him out in anything more flagrant than a flirtation. True he deserted me, and left me to perish or do worse. But the law takes no heed of such a minor sin of omission as that; and now he may be here any time, and if you go I shall be alone with him!"

The horror in her tone touched Jenifer.

"He can't drag you back by the hair of your head; if we go, you shall come with us if you will."

Then, having given her invitation, she remembered that she had promised to marry Captain Edgecumb, and that she would have to consult him in future before she issued them.

It was almost a relief to Jenifer when Effie and Mrs. Jervoise arrived. They came on horseback, accompanied by Hubert, and followed by Mrs. Jervoise's own pad-groom, on the neatest-stepping, stoutest-built black cob in London. They were both their easiest, airiest selves, and criticised the furniture and arrangements of the rooms with candour and affability.

"Really, if I had known what nice lodgings you had I should have come over before," Effie said frankly. "I had an idea they would be grubby, and it would have been dreadfully painful to me to see anyone connected with me in grubby lodgings."

"I don't know why you should have presupposed the 'grubbiness,'" Jenifer remarked. Whereupon Effie treated her to a fine stare, and replied:

"I thought economy was an object with you, as it is with us. I have been having some bitter experiences of lodging-hunting

lately, and I find the decent ones are all dreadfully dear. We are so pinched, that we can't pay four or five guineas a week for lodgings, can we, Hugh?"

"We've never thought of doing it, to the best of my knowledge," he said in some exasperation; "and as you've only looked at one set of lodgings, I don't think that you're justified in saying that your experiences of them have been bitter."

"Hugh is so literal," Effie explained to his mother and sister. "As he is disposed to edit my statements, I won't make any more before him. Mrs. Ray, you and I will have our talk out in another room, won't we? I dare say that funny little woman who mistook me for Belle Campbell, and afterwards left in a huff last night, has another room that we can sit in for half an hour."

"Come with me to the dining-room, dear," her mother-in-law said.

"Dining-room! you have gone in for luxuries," Effie said, starting up briskly, and Jenifer felt very powerless to save her mother from the impending application, as Mrs. Jervoise began engrossingly:

"Jenifer, do you know what Madame Voglio and I have planned? She is to give a concert at my house, and you are to come out at it."

"She has made no arrangement of the kind with me. I mean I've heard nothing about it," Jenifer said rather wildly. She was longing to free her mother from Effie's graceful grasp, and at the same time she feared to seem ungracious to Mrs. Jervoise.

"Dear old Voglio knows that if I take anything in hand, I never rest till I carry it through to a satisfactory conclusion," Mrs. Jervoise said complacently.

"When is the concert to be?" Jenifer asked with pardonable curiosity. "I haven't seen Madame Voglio to-day. I am glad that she thinks I'm ready to try my wings."

"I can't fix the date yet because of Mr. Jervoise; he's so tiresome, he will stay up in town instead of going to Brighton, as his doctors order; but as soon as I can get him out of the house, I'll fix the date, and send out invitations. It will be a tremendous start for you, won't it, Hugh?"

"And I'm sure Jenifer will be grateful to you for giving her the start, Flora," Hubert answered, but Jenifer did not endorse her brother's sentiment.

"When are we to have luncheon?" Mrs. Jervoise said impatiently. "Effie must have had her gossip out with your

mother; go and look for her, Hugh. I've hundreds of things to do to-day."

"I'll go," Jenifer said, jumping up hastily, glad of the excuse for going to see how her mother was faring in a tête-à-tête with the rapacious Effie. As soon as she was out of the room, Mrs. Jervoise said:

"Jenifer is better-looking than ever; you had better nip Harry Edgecumb's hopes in the bud, Hugh. Jenifer ought to marry a fortune, and will, if she doesn't get entangled before she has been seen and heard. I was sorry to hear of her being at the Archibald Campbells' last night. They're all very well, but it's not the set for her to marry. Art-folk and literary-folk are all very well, but to me there's always an air of living from hand to mouth about them."

"Edgecumb's neither literary nor artistic, to the best of my knowledge."

"No; but I was thinking more of the herd who were there last night, than of the individual. Here they are at last. Effie, you have spoilt my day by staying so long; I shall punish you by taking you away at once, without waiting for luncheon," Mrs. Jervoise cried, as her sister came into the room with Mrs. Ray and Jenifer.

"Luncheon is quite ready, and I shall be so distressed if you don't stay," Mrs. Ray said in consternation. And after a little persuasion Flora consented "just to go in and take a bit standing;" and the two sisters hovered round the table, selecting whatever was daintiest, and nibbling morsels of the same to the great disgust of old Ann, who thought it unchristian, not to say vulgar, for ladies and gentlemen to go "spiering round a table in that restless fashion, as if there was nothing on it worth sitting down to."

They were on the point of departing before old Mrs. Ray called up courage to say:

"Jenny dear, I think you owe it to Hubert—to your eldest brother, the head of the house as he is, to tell him of the change in your circumstances, of the step you have taken."

She said it all very hesitatingly and deprecatingly, and Effie asked sharply:

"What is it, Jenifer? Don't be mysterious, for my sake."

"It's only that I believe I am going to marry Captain Edgecumb."

Effie looked discontented.

"How awfully silly of you, Jenifer! We don't want any more poor struggling

people in the family, and you might have done ever so much better if you'd only had the common patience to wait till Flora had introduced you well. You meant to do it, didn't you, Flora? Now all that's at an end if you've engaged yourself to Captain Edgecumb; he'll want every fraction he gets from his secretaryship for himself. I must say Hugh is singularly unfortunate in having a brother and sister, neither of whom can ever be of the least use to him."

"I hope you'll be happy, Jenny dear, but Edgecumb's hardly the stamp of man I would have thought you'd have chosen," Hubert loitered behind to say, as his wife, after an ungracious but perfectly graceful and self-possessed leave-taking, went out with her sister in the rapid style in which they were wont to whirl through life.

"It seems to me that I'm bereft of the power of 'choosing' anything," Jenifer replied impatiently, whereat Hubert shrugged his shoulders in a resigned way he had caught from Effie, and remarked that "it would have been just as well, perhaps, if she had waited till after Mrs. Jervoise had introduced her in the splendid style contemplated, before she definitely fixed her future."

When they were gone, old Mrs. Ray—who had been in a pleasant perturbation about them at first, but who had been visibly depressed after Effie had interviewed her—told Jenifer, with tears of pity and dismay, that "poor Effie didn't know more than the lilies of the field where to turn for a few pounds for current expenses, and all I could do," the poor lady continued, "was to promise that I would let her have twenty-five at the coming quarter."

"You'll leave yourself without the means of getting one of the many things you want, my dearest," Jenifer said, and she thought: "I'd marry a couple of Captain Edgecumb's, if it wasn't wicked, to secure my mother's peace and comfort; if I fail in doing that——"

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**I**NDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations; amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pain in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels; in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated

without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, night-mare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems—nothing can more speedily, or with more certainty, effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flowers and

which must be taken with it into the stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of *Camomile Flowers*; and when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy, the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine, must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with *Camomile Flowers*, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

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which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body, which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effect in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is most convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence of malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick-rooms they are invaluable, as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinion of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid; we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production; if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by



their use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed; this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetable, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the bur-

den thus imposed upon it, that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should immediately be sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found—no, none which will perform the task with greater certainty, than **NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS**. And let it be observed, that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted, and it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted that, by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

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